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realized the power that is vouchsafed through mind, and has ever exercised that power. Philosophy would have long since robbed him of it, and caused his early extermination from the earth, but for the persistence, through heredity, of the impulse to exercise in self-preservation every power in his possession; by which practice alone he first gained his ascendancy ages before philosophy began.

The great fact, then, to which I allude is that, in spite of all philosophy, whether mythological, metaphysical, or naturalistic, declaring that man must and can do nothing, he *has*, from the very dawn of his intelligence, been transforming the entire surface of the planet he inhabits. No other animal performs anything comparable to what man performs. This is solely because no other possesses the developed psychic faculty.

The paper from which these extracts are made should have a place in the double-starred literature of sociological instruction.

Only a word need be said about the second of these minor subjects. Have any of the sociologists joined the Bergson cult? I do not know how persistent the affection is, but those of us who have not suffered from it will probably be more interested than those who have at finding a diagnosis of the disease in Ward's best vein, in the first volume at the close of the "Personal Remark" (pp. lxxxiii-lxxxviii). Ward never pricked a bubble more neatly.

We shall report the other volumes in the series as fast as they appear.

ALBION W. SMALL

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

The Unpopular Review. Vol. I, No. 1 (January, 1914), pp. 226.

Published quarterly by Henry Holt & Co. Single copies 75c, \$2.50 a year.

Since *Puck* and *Judge* passed into the category of class organs, and *Life* is no longer as unexpected as at first, the United States of America has become a vast stomach gnawing with hunger for a steady diet of strictly high-grade humor. With a single regret we greet this first evidence that an inexhaustible source of supply for the demand has been tapped. The title chosen for this gurgling spring of revivification will retard discovery of its soul-refreshing properties by the multitude, until philanthropists like ourselves have spread abroad the news that, barring its whimsical taboo of a catchy label, it has all the requisites of a potential best-seller. Since the soul of humor is dramatic juxtaposition of things out of their places and proportions, and since the folk-soul is a garbage heap of things whose displacements and disproportions miss being humor-

ous merely from lack of the dramatic motif, there is an evident chemical affinity between this beatification of bathos and the average mind, which will not long be denied. *Unpopular* indeed! It cannot be many days before the greedy public will be storming the bargain counters for fresh loaves of this bread of life. If the title had only been *Everybody's Foolishnesses Solemnly Parodied*, or *Mediocrity Magnified*, no one would have had the slightest hesitation in jumping at the just appraisal that here at last is humorous literature which gets its effects by that touch of nature which makes all men kin—unflinching conviction that the evils of things as they are must vanish before dogmatic asseveration of things as they ought not to be.

This leads us to remark that the greatness of the project and performance embodied in this *Review* must be recognized from another coign of vantage. We must remember that humor is spurious unless in its deepest impulses it is evangelistic. If it is not a preacher of glad tidings to sorrowful, or sordid, or saturated souls, it is sounding brass or a clattering cymbal. In this respect this latest reinforcement of inspiration is instantaneously impressive. Its cue is the unpopularized discovery that fatigue is the arch-fiend; that mental fatigue in particular is both cause and effect of toxic secretions that play the devil with all conventional prearrangements; and that a permanent *dolce far niente* for the human race will have been inaugurated whenever the precise date in the past when sound thinking ceased can be agreed upon, and whenever, abandoning vain strivings after solutions of impertinently alleged "problems," we enter into our inheritance of a petrified working-pattern for the world, from which there may henceforth be no variation nor shadow of turning. Words would ignominiously fail adequately to eulogize this splendid conception.

Fondly as we find ourselves lingering over these and similar outstanding qualities of this precious volume, we must not rob its fore-ordainedly multitudinous readers of the delight of discovering the remainder for themselves; and we reluctantly restrict ourselves to one or two minor observations.

The contents of this initial number are grouped under fourteen titles. The indiscriminating would incontinently assume that, besides the editor, at least twelve or thirteen dredgers in the ocean of wisdom had been engaged in bringing together these pearls of purest ray serene. Instead of weakening this hypothesis, the device of anonymity artfully intensifies the illusion. The critically minded will not be long, however, in concluding that not more than one genius could have occurred in a

generation, equal to the order of intellectual achievement deposited under each of these titles. Even if twelve or thirteen of such penetrating searchlights of superiority were thinkable, it would too much tax our credulity to suppose that their several luminosities could be blended in a single beam of flawless white light. To change the figure, as the luxuriance of the subject-matter miscellaneously provokes us to do, from cover to cover the book is a symphonic crescendo of harmony. Doubtless the architect of this monument of merriment had more or less vaguely in mind that rhythm of the spirit counted upon when relieving gargoyles complete otherwise oppressively beautiful cathedrals. He has called the finial of his creation, *The Stewpan (En Casserole)*. Critical appraisal of the whole structure, however, in plan and execution, forces us most earnestly to protest against this invidious reservation.

We must admit that at times the humor is rather broad. But just as Bret Harte and Finley Peter Dunne succeeded in effacing the local coloring of their provincialism, and flattened the picturesqueness of Roaring Camp and Archey Road into decent conventionality, after they had mingled with a bigger world, so, after he has enlarged his experience, this stimulator of the gaiety of nations will hardly be able to remain uniformly as funny as he has been throughout his maiden attempt. For instance everybody knows that Miss Jane Addams is the most dangerous perverter of morals since Socrates; but what a scintillation of inimitable originality it was to caricature her premises and her conclusions, and to label dismembered and mutilated fragments of her message, "The New Morality"! If this unique and unprecedented device had been thought of soon enough, what a convenience it would have been to the world's great traducers!

We propose to keep this treasure on our desk as a recourse against over-seriousness in our graduate classes. It will be an invaluable deposit of material for stimulation by the "case method." So far as we are informed, no such closely up-to-the-minute jokebook has been produced since Aristophanes.

Puck will pardon us for stealing its stolen superscription—"What fools these mortals be!"

A. W. S.

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